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ADVERTISER FARM AND HOME HOUR

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE FOREST RANGERS # 151

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET NONE

(12:30 - 1:30)
TIME

(MAY 24, 1935)
DATE

(FRIDAY)

DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET: "RANGER'S SONG"

ANNOUNCER: Out in the Western mountain ranges warm spring winds have forced the budding quaking aspens into full-leaf, and the grass is shooting up green and lush, for the stock that graze on the forest ranges. The cattlemen have been pushing their herds out of their fields as the ranges open up, and sheepmen who are anxious to get away from their desert winter ranges, will soon be trailing their bands up to the cool mountain pastures in the National Forests.

Up on the Pine Cone National Forest Ranger District the grazing season for sheep opens about June tenth. By that time it is expected the range will be ready to occupy. Our rangers, Jim Robbins and Jerry Quick are out on field jobs as we tune in today. At the Pine Cone Station we find Bess Robbins and Mary Holloway. Mary has just ridden over from the Box-O Ranch where she is now acting as hostess at Mrs. Gay's dude ranch since her school closed. She and Bess are in the kitchen --

BESS: (RATTLING DISHES) My, I'm glad you rode over, Mary. You look so nice in your riding clothes.

MARY: I'm so glad I could come, Mrs. Robbins -- I've been really homesick to see you since I went over to the ranch.

BESS: Well, that's nice of you, dear - There, now. -- I've finished the dishes - Let's go into the sitting room.

MARY: It's so warm today, can't we sit out there on the porch?

BESS: That would be nicer, wouldn't it? Let's drag out these easy chairs. (DRAG CHAIRS) Now we can have a nice comfortable visit.

MARY: Oh, this is nice. - Gee! it's great to be up here in the forest - really the air is different and the smell of the pines and the mountains - don't you just love it?

BESS: Yes, Mary, I have always loved Winding Creek and our home here. How do you like your new position? It isn't so confining, is it?

MARY: No, not now, Mrs. Gay hasn't many tourists yet. - I have some time to ride or rest. - Jerry sent Trinket down for me to ride. Mrs. Gay has lots of horses but I do love Trinket. Isn't she pretty? Look at her out there.

BESS: Yes, pintos are pretty (HORSE NEIGHS, OFF) She wants to get back in the pasture with Buck. They're great pals, you know.

MARY: Yes - look, there comes a man on horseback. He's turning in here. (SOUND OF TROTTING HORSE APPROACHING) I wonder who that is, riding such a pile of bones.

BESS: I don't recognize him. (HORSE STOPS) Somebody to see Jim, I suppose.

LARKINS: (COMING UP) Howdy do, ladies Is the forest ranger at home?

BESS: No, he's out just now.

LARKINS: That so - I gotta see 'im right away D'yuh know where I kin find 'im?

BESS: No, not exactly - He's up at the tunnel camp toward Blue Lake.

LARKINS: That don't mean nothin' much to me, I'm a stranger in these parts - How far is it?

BESS: Well, it's quite a ways. - I don't know -

MARY: It's fifteen to twenty miles by trail

LARKINS: Gosh, that's too fur t'ride, when d'yuh expect 'im home - let's see - what's 'is name - I got it here on this permit (RUSTLES PAPER)

BESS: His name is Robbins - I'm Mrs. Robbins.

LARKINS: Yeah, that's it. - Mine's Larkins, ma'am

BESS: I don't know when Mr. Robbins will be in. - Perhaps tomorrow, or it may be several days - he wasn't certain just when he'd return when he left.

LARKINS: Wall, they seems to be plenty of feed. I reckon I kin hold my sheep where they are 'till he gits back

BESS: Your sheep?

LARKINS: Yeah, I got a permit, here (RUSTLES PAPER) Fer range on this district and I've jest trailed my sheep in 'bout a hundred miles from the desert. I gotta find out where I'm goin' to run 'em

BESS: Why, I'm sure Mr Robbins didn't expect you or he would have been here to count you in.

LARKINS: Yeah, I'm holdin' my sheep down here at the bridge - I knowed they have to be counted.

BESS: Yes, but you can't go on the range this early even if they were counted. The grazing season for the sheep range doesn't open 'till June tenth.

LARKINS: I know the permit says June tenth, but you see, ma'am, my winter range dried up and I had to fetch 'em up where I could get fresh feed.

BESS: Well, I'm sure you can't go on the range now. The grass is too young yet - it would all be trampled out if you went on this early.

LARKINS: Well, I reckon I'll have to hold 'em on that hillside, t'other end of the bridge, then, 'till the ranger gits here.

BESS: You can't do that. - That's cattle range - the cowmen will be right up in arms.

LARKINS: (CROSS) My gosh, ma'am, I gotta do somethin' - I gotta hold 'em somewhere.

BESS: (FIRM) I'm sorry, Mr. Larkins - I hate to see anything suffer, but I can't do a thing about it 'till Jim gets home. You shouldn't have come in so early.

LARKINS: (WHINING) Aw, a few days don't make much difference, miz Robbins. I kin tell 'im how many they is if you kin tell me where my range is at.

BESS: (PERPLEXED) I don't know - I guess - no - I don't know what to do.

LARKINS: Aw, shucks! I could square it with the ranger.

BESS: It's not a case of squaring it. I'm just wondering which is the lesser of the two evils - I guess Jim would rather have the sheep on the range too early than on that cow-range, tho.

LARKINS: I'm shore he would - I'll get 'em goin'.

MARY: But how will Mr. Robbins get them counted?

BESS: I'm going to count them, Mary

MARY: You're going to count -

BESS: (LAUGHS) Yes, I've helped Jim count sheep lots of times. If you'll ride up there and wrangle old Dolly, I'll saddle her and -

MARY: But you haven't ridden for -

BESS: No, not for a long time, but there isn't any other way. - Jim and Jerry have both of the cars.

LARKINS: That's shore mighty fine of you ma'am. Which horse do you want? I'll saddle 'im fer you

BESS: That black mare out there in the pasture.

MARY: But - but I have your saddle, Mrs. Robbins. If you go, I want to go with you.

BESS: Yes, I want you to, Mary. I'll ride Jim's saddle - you'll find it there in the barn, Mr. Larkins. - It's the larger of the two.

LARKINS: (GOING OFF) Yes'm, thankee ma'am. I'll be back real pronto.
(HORSE TROTS OFF)

MARY: I don't like the looks of that man, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: No, he wasn't pretty. I'm afraid he's just rushing the season to get all the grass along the driveway, before the other sheep get here - Maybe I shouldn't, but I don't know what else to do than to let him go in. - Oh dear, I'll have to hunt up my riding things. -

MARY: His hard luck story doesn't sound genuine to me. Somehow he made me feel very suspicious of him. He acted - well sort of shifty.

BESS: I haven't any sympathy for him but I'm thinking of those poor sheep - all those young lambs.

MARY: Yes - the poor things.

BESS: Well, we'll let him in and I'll try to get him to rent some pasture 'till the season opens.

MARY: Oh, I hope you can.

BESS: Oh, I almost forgot Jim's counter. Here it is. I'll count the sheep anyhow. It'll help the boys that much.

MARY: Is there another one too? I'll help you.

BESS: Yes - here.

MARY: How do you use it?

BESS: Oh, it's easy. You just watch the sheep pass a given point and press this button each time five sheep go by - See? (CLICKS TALLY REGISTER) The tally register does the counting.

MARY: Yes, I see - It looks easy. (HORSES TROTTING-OFF) There he comes with the horses

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(FADE IN WITH HORSES WALKING - SHEEP BLEATING)

LARKINS: There they are, Miz Robbins. Look at the pore things.

BESS: They are thin - but I can't let you go on the range yet. You'll have to rent some pastures.

LARKINS: Cosh, I can't. I've tried all over - Can't find a thing.

MARY: Did you try Baistow? I heard he wanted to rent his homestead this year.

LARKINS: Yeah, I did, when I was in here a week or so ago, but he's plum unreasonable, wants too much fer a week's grazing. I jest can't afford it.

BESS: Well, I don't like to let you go on the range, but I don't know what else to do.

LARKINS: (LAUGHS) Oh, I'm shore it'd be OK with the ranger if he was here.

BESS: I don't know - I've got to get you off this cow-range, tho - Allright, string them over the bridge. - We'll tie up here, Mary. Whoa, Dolly. (DISMOUNTS)

LARKINS: (OFF - CALLS) Hey, Juan, fetch 'em along. (DOG BARKS - SHEEP BLEAT - MEN WHISTLE AND SH-h-h) (COMING UP) They'll run a little when they pass you, Miz Robbins.

BESS: Oh, that's all right - just so they don't bunch up. Here, Mary, you stand just back of me and see that none go behind.

MARY: Yes, I will. - But they're stopping.

BESS: We'll have to stand back 'till they start over, then crowd in a bit.

LARKINS: (OFF) Here, Juan, help me start 'em. (DOG BARKS) Shep, git back there (WHISTLES) Sh-h-h (GENTLY) Is-ya-ya (CALLS) Git 'em Miz Robbins, they're startin'. Sh-h-h

BESS: Let 'em come. -- Come in a little, Mary.

(FADEOUT WITH SHEEP RUNNING AND BLEATING - REGISTERS CLICKING)

INTERVAL

(FADE IN WITH SHEEP BLEATING, OFF)

BESS: My, I'm tired to death. Let's see two hundred fifty-five times five is twelve hundred seventy-five and three makes seventy-eight. How many did you get Mary?

MARY: Oh, dear, Mrs. Robbins, I didn't get anything -- but dizzy. My head's spinning yet. -- After the first hundred it was just like one big sheep.

LARKINS: (COMING UP) How many, Miz Robbins?

BESS: Twelve hundred and seventy-eight.

LARKINS: That's too many. -- You musta counted some lambs.

BESS: No, not a lamb.

LARKINS: (LAUGHS) Well, I'm shore you're long. My permit calls for twelve hundred, and that's jest what I brought.

BESS: I'm sure my count is right.

LARKINS: Well, I'll count 'em again up at the corral, but I've only got twelve hundred. -- I gotta get 'em started onto the driveway now. Much 'bliged, Miz Robbins. (HORSE WALKS OFF)

LARKINS: (CALLS - OFF) Hey, Miss! Would yuh mind helpin' me here a minute -- to get 'em started?

MARY (CALLS) All right - whoa, Trinket! (MOUNTS - LAUGHS - CALLS OFF) I'll be back right away, Mrs. Robbins - (HORSE STOPS)
What can I do, Mr. Larkins?

LARKINS: Why, just help me git 'em started on the driveway. These 'ere
be hungry I can't hardly budge 'em. (CALLS) Go 'long there!
Go 'round 'em, Step!

(DOG BARKS - SHEEP RUN)

MARY I guess you don't need me, they're going well enough.

LARKINS: That's a purty pony you're ridin', Miss.

MARY Yes, she is a beauty - I love her.

LARKINS: She ain't half as purty as her rider, though, Miss. (LAUGHS LOUDLY)

MARY (HUFFY) Don't get personal, please.

LARKINS: Aw shucks, don't git sore. (LAUGHS) It gits kinda lonesome
in camp some times. Why couldn't you come up?

MARY (ANGRILY) Let go of my horse! (SHARPLY) Take your hands off
that bridle, you beast! (STRIKES HIM WITH CROP) Take that you -

LARKINS: (HOWLS)

MARY: Come, Trinket! (HORSE PLUNGES A FEW STEPS, STOPS)

(GALLOPING HORSE COMING TO QUICK STOP)

BESS: Why Mary, why the hard riding?

MARY: (SHORTLY) Come on Mrs. Robbins - let's get out of here.

BESS: What's the matter?

MARY I told you that fellow is no good - he tried to get start -
I had to strike him with my quirt to make him let go of
Trinket's bridle.

BESS: (INDIGNANTLY) Why, the very idea - just wait 'till Jim hears about it. - Oh dear! I suppose I shouldn't have let him go in. I should have telephoned to the Supervisor.

MARY: Well it would have been hard to have turned him back - and with all those little lambs --

BESS: Let's go home. - Get up Dolly (HORSES WALK) I dread this ride home. I'm beginning to get sore already

MARY: Say, let's hail that car coming up the road. Maybe you can catch a ride and I'll lead Dolly home.

BESS: Oh, no, I'll ride (CAR APPROACHES)

BESS: Why, it's Jim --

JIM: Hello Cowboys - what you doing here?

MARY: We're not cowboys - we're sheep herders. - We've just counted in Mr Larkins sheep

JIM: Larkins sheep? What's he doing here? He can't go in yet.

BESS: Jim, I'm afraid I made a mess of things. He brought his sheep up too early and I counted them. He's seventy eight head over his permit and denies it. Then he insulted Mary -

Oh, I'm just afraid you're going to have trouble with him.

JIM: Not a bit of it. - If Larkins is going to run sheep on this District he might as well learn at the start that he will have to be on the square.

BESS: What will you do with him?

JIM: Turn him back - the range isn't ready for him yet and if I let him feed out the driveway for a week ahead of the other permittees there won't be a spear of grass left for their sheep. He'll have to rent a pasture outside or go back to the desert.

MARY: I just hope he does have to wait.

BESS: He grabbed Mary's bridle rein and tried to get smart with her.

JIM: Bess, would you mind trading me your horse for this car?

BESS: Would I mind? Jim, I'd love to.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) I'll trade you "even-up". Come on Mary, let's ride up the trail and make a square shooter out of this fellow Larkins.

MARY: All right, Mr. Robbins I'm with you.

(FADE OUT)

MUSIC:

ANNOUNCER: In range administration the forest rangers must exercise constant vigilance to protect the rights of all permittees as well as the forest range against unscrupulous ones who seek unfair advantage. They must therefore maintain a friendly but judicial attitude toward all forest users.

Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers will be with us again next Friday, presented by the National Broadcasting Company with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

later 5 30 PM
5 14 35

